



The Second and Last Act of FITZGIGGO,

OR

ALL'S WELL that ENDS WELL, A NEW ENGLISH UPROAR,

As it was performed on *Thursday* the 3d of *March* 1763, at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent-Garden*,
By Messieurs *Beard, Smith, Woodward, Pit, Boxes, Galleries, &c. &c.*

The Words adapted to the Favourite Airs in the Opera of *ARTAXERXES*.

ACT II.

Scene behind the Scenes; a great Noise is heard.

Enter Mr. BEARD.

RECITATIVO.

WHY what the Devil is the Matter?
What means again this Noise and Clatter.

Enter Two Players.

Oh Sir! *Fitzgiggo* and his Train,
Have drove us off the Stage again,
With clamouring Throats they call for you.

Mr. BEARD.

Ye Gods advise me what to do.

AIR. (*Amidst a thousand racking Woes*)

A thousand Daggers in my Breast,
Could not have given me so much Pain,
My Blood runs cold thro' ev'ry Vein,
And all my Courage dies.

My Friends instruct me for the best
How to avert these Woes;
To calm these furious Foes,
Who thus vindictive rise.

Enter a Candle-Snuffer.

RECITATIVO.

Oh Sir! the like before was never heard;
Hark! how the Audience roar for *Mr. Beard*,
If you peep thro' the Curtain you'll be scar'd.

AIR. *Behold on Lethe's, &c.*

There, with up lifted Hands,
Behold where *Fitzgiggo* stands,
In his Face what Rage exprest;
See he rolls his haggard Eyes,
And, hark! for *Beard* alone he cries,
'Tis you must calm his Breast.

CHORUS of Players.

O Sir away! obey the Call,
O save your self! O save us all!

RECITATIVO.

Mr. BEARD.

Well, I will go: — and, O curs'd Thought!
Lower the Price, and own my Fault.

SCENE the Stage. *Enter Mr. BEARD.*

Well, Gentlemen, I'm come to ask of you
What 'tis that you would please to have me do.

From the Pit.

Lower your Price, and that shall calm our Rage,
And we'll no more bring Uproars on the Stage.

Mr. BEARD.

'T shall be henceforth, Sirs, just as you think fit.

Pit.

Another Word, and you we'll freely quit.
Here promise first, and then play on in Peace,
That Prosecutions against us all should cease.

AIR. *By Mr. BEARD.*

(*How hard is my Fate.*)

How hard is my Fate,
How desperate my State,
Against my own Conscience to speak,
Or suffer Distress;
Yet nevertheless
I must, or my Ruin they'll seek.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVO.

My own Consent I freely give to you,
But cannot answer for my Partners too.

RECITATIVO from the Pit.

This poor Evasion, Sir, will not go down,
You must be more explicit with the Town.

AIR. *By that belov'd Embrace.*

If you will not comply
With this our last Request,
Our Vengeance we'll let fly,
So think on which is best.
Let Prosecution cease,
And then play on in Peace;
But if you this deny,
This Calmaes we'll give o'er,
Again let Fury fly,
And spoil your House once more.

RECITATIVO.

Mr. BEARD.

My Voice in this I've given you before,
And that is all Sirs, I can say no more.

Exit Mr. Beard.

Enter Woodward. and Co.

RECITATIVO by the whole House.

Off, off, no more attempt to play,
Till *BEARD* has answer'd yea or nay;
We'll not be humbugg'd thus by him, or you,
So bid him come, and tell us what he'll do.

Exit Players.

Enter BEARD.

Well, Gentlemen, behold I'm come again.

Pit.

I hope your Coming will not be in vain.

BEARD.

What must I do?

Pit.

Lower your Price again,
Be humble like your Friend of *Drury Lane*.
All Spite and Prosecution throw away,
Swear this, and you may frait begin to play.

Mr. BEARD.

Since nothing else will do, it shall be so;
Is there aught more you'd have —

Pit.

Huzza. No, No.

AIR by the whole House.

(*O let the Dangers of a Son.*)

The Business now is done,
You need no longer fear,
Comply but with the Town,
And they your House will spare.

Da Capo.

AIR. *By Mr. BEARD.*

(*To sigh and complain.*)

To obey you each Night
Shall be my Delight,
My chief Study, my Wish and my Plan,
May Discord hence cease,
May our Merit encrease,
And we'll strive to please all if we can.

Da Capo.

CHORUS of Huzzaing and Clapping by the
whole House.

(Price Six Pence.)